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Category: Poetry

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## **A Different Approach to Self-Love**

the only rule of rhythm is that it has to have recurring movement or sound so  
the following could all be examples of rhythm:  
Slipping your hands into your pockets when winter comes around, and  
Shrugging on a sweater as you wait at the bus stop each morning.  
It is the path to class,  
The winding road you take that will always lead you to the school's parking lot.  
It is the pot of coffee you heat up in the morning before trudging to where you belong.

here is rhythm:  
it is knowing the cadence, the high notes and low notes,  
the lisps and slurs of your voice like the same path to class.  
musicality disguised in hundreds of different forms  
and anything can be musical so  
don't say you have no rhythm.

Because if you can't help but stutter then that is the melody of your unique speech-  
if you always stumble when you dance then that is your body's tempo;  
I stumble when I dance:  
The ground disagrees with my movements.  
Saw me trying to find a rhythm that wasn't mine and said  
We're gonna change that.  
Yes, Ground decided to dedicate its entire existence to making sure I lose my footing  
Doesn't like my repetitive awkward shuffle  
Can tell I don't feel comfortable in this body.  
Haven't quite learned how to move to my own heartbeat yet  
so I can't feel the beat around me until I do.

Yeah, I stutter-  
my syllables run away from each other.  
A single word turns into five but don't we give best to things that are repetitive,  
Aren't the catchiest songs that play on loop in your mind the annoying ones?  
That say the same thing over and over again  
Aren't we always ever moving in circles?  
Saying the same things  
Spinning on a dance floor and hoping the scenery will change the next time around  
It won't  
So find beauty within those circles,  
Learn to love the things on loop instead,  
Learn to love the stutters and stumbles,  
the way your feet bend in when you walk  
the odd lilt of your voice as you talk  
Because there's a beautiful song in your heavy footsteps,  
A deliberate choreography when your hair frizzes up in the heat

Yes, there's even a steady beat embedded in your "ugly" laugh

here is rhythm:

it is unwavering and relentless

it is movement with a purpose

It is sound that rebels against conformity, yours to make your own

it is the pattern of your life,

the beating of your heart drumming against your ribcage

it is the constant rising and falling of your eyelashes, of your footsteps, of your body

Because you and everything you do is recurring-

has a flow, has a beat, has a pulse breaking the barriers of your body,

speaking from your skin and bones

Defying normality to create your individual rhythm-

Embrace that.